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An Eloquent Speech from a young Democrat.

At the Democratic State Convention of Maine, after the adoption of the resolutions, loud calls were made for Mr. Wm. H. Clifford, of Portland, a rising young Democrat. He is a son of Judge Clifford, of the Supreme Court of the United States, and is quite influential in his section. We append the speech of Mr. Clifford, as reported for the New York World:

GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION: When we reflect upon the fortunes of the Democratic party in Maine for the past twelve years; when we consider that a depression of the material interests of the country, and a widespread distrust of the existing administration seem alike to invite and facilitate a re-establishment of Democratic policy, but can discern no signs of the coming convulsion, no deep, distant, but threatening indications of the coming upheaval, but behold only the tokens of listlessness and apathy, with defeat in the past and gloom and doubt overshadowing the future, we may sometimes feel like adopting the language of despair and exclaiming, Why this barren pageant of any more Democratic conventions in Maine? We are but organizing for additional defeat. Why perish in a vain and ineffectual struggle? Gentlemen, if the success of a mere organization of individuals were the only actuating motive of the Democracy you would neither have survived so many defeats nor braved so many dangers. Long, long are this the Democracy would have been among the fugitive things that were. Neither could you so hopefully cast behind you what is past or have nerve to press forward into that unknown province that contains the yet undeveloped future of Democratic destiny. I am not here to claim for the Democracy immunity from error or from evil. With shame and abasement it must be confessed that our glorious and resplendent record is still stained with many a divergence from the pathway of principle, with many a disregard of principle and a lowered tradition; but this I do claim for our Democracy, that in the main it has steadily cleaved to its primitive maxims through all the storms and straits, and even among the visible reefs that have threatened and obstructed its progress down to-day. Mutilated and dismantled as the bark of Democracy may be, we have this consolation—that we may ascribe it all to adherence to principle and constitutional obligations, from the dictates of which we seek no absolution, but prefer rather as a party to perish than grope for success amid the darkness of political heresy. It is no vain boast for the Democracy to speak of their sacrifice of temporary advantage for the sake of maintenance of principle. There is something in human nature that pays ready deference to that spirit that defies all danger in its conscientious grasp of a chosen creed. The Democracy have suffered political martyrdom for their principles, but were never more stubbornly loyal to them than at that time now past when it was almost a crime to be a Democrat. They have followed their principles to their legitimate conclusions and were covered with obloquy and defeat. Regarding the sacred compact of the Constitution, the Democracy unfalteringly resisted any encroachments upon the legal constitutional rights of slavery. Let us not attempt to deny its position formerly upon the question of slavery. It is folly to attempt to smother the facts of history, but while we admit the former attitude of the Democratic party, let us not fail to discern the cause of that attitude. It was because slavery had no guarantee in the Constitution of the United States that the Democracy dared not lay hands upon it, and so the slavery agitation overtook them, and in the turbulence of that great emotion the Democracy went down, not because it was recreant to principle, but because it had cut from its ancient mooring, but because it was unshaken and immovable, and would not succumb before the hurricane that swept slavery from the land. Its foundational principle deep buried and underlying all the superstructure of its belief is adherence to constitutional obligations, and so the same spirit that nerved its arm and fired its soul in resistance to Republican aggressions upon the institution of slavery, odious and unpopular as that attitude was, is the same, the very same, that under the late amendments to our Constitution actuates the Democracy to take the former child of slavery by the hand and bid him enter the great household of American citizenship. We should be something less than Democrats did we fail to recognize the new obligations which the Constitution as amended imposes upon us. This has been called the new departure of the Democracy. With us it only signifies a return to acknowledged and ancient principles. I am averse to the mention of these subjects. I am not and was not an apologist of the institution of slavery, but I am proud of that unwavering devotion to principle and constitutional duty that led the Democracy into the position of unwavering support of the slavery agitation for the sake of continuing in the real support of the constitutional compact of the States. Time was when Democracy represented the whole North; at the close of the slavery agitation they had lost every Northern stronghold—still they wavered not. They traveled in the pathway of principle and sought no evasion of consequence. History, retrospection, truthful, impartial will see the Democracy right upon the record. He who chronicles the events of the time before the war will name the Northern Democracy not a pro-slavery party, but a party that comprehended the true spirit and theory of the Constitution. It may be that the historian of the events of this time amid the desolate and eloquent ruins of American liberty and hope. Let us believe he will read them in the bright light of a more resplendent day of American civilization and development. But, however regarded, when the final verdict of history is rendered and recorded, it will be that the Northern Democracy was a party that had borne from the days of primitive virtue and patriotism the beneficent philosophy of our Constitution, uncontaminated by success, unyielded in defeat, through all the conflicts of our history down to-day. But, gentlemen, these things are over. The rough collision of the war has thrown from our shoulders forever the burden of that great sin against the light of modern civilization. Thank heaven the burden is lifted a little. Reflection will convince any one, I think, that we are little likely to again espouse an institution from self-interest, or for higher motive, from whose destructive effects upon our political power we are but just recovering. No, it may serve to fix upon the stain and arouse the prejudice that formerly existed against us as a pro-slavery party, but we look only to the Constitution for the obligations we are now called upon to assume. We read in that Constitution to-day that the former slave is as free as you or I, and heaven knows that the regenerate Democracy of to-day have no new chains to forge for him whom the majesty of the law has invested with the attribute of freedom. The same principle that made us pro-slavery then makes us the advocates of freedom to-day. Oh may we never banish from our midst this spirit of Democratic perpetuity and strong regard to the obligations of the Constitution, but rather cherish

and observe its injunctions as long as our Constitution survives. Let us cling to it as the groundwork of Democratic belief. We can discern this principle in all the history of the American Democracy. We cannot discard it now, unless we are prepared to disregard the whole course of Democratic history. The nation cannot afford a departure from constitutional principle. Destroy the reverence for constitutional duties and obligations for which the Democracy have ever contended, and the temporary union with which you may bridge the turbulent of to-day will be as fragile and as cold as the arch of frost that spans the cataract.

The Rising Generation of the South.

When people are poor they are foolish to attempt to live as if they were rich. The old and young, the males and females, of every family which has the misfortune to be poor, ought to bear the burden together, and be brought together to increase the common store. If there is but one working person in the family, and he is generally the father, his nose will be kept at the grindstone from one year's end to another, unless he has a well-ordered household. The wife can greatly aid him by her sympathy, by frugal management, by a cheerful temper, and by instilling into the young people lessons of economy and industry. To attempt to live as rich people do, when a family is poor, is not only a sham and a cheat, but it makes the head of such family a hopeless slave and drudge, and absolutely perpetuates the poverty so sedulously sought to be concealed.

We are, with few exceptions, all poor alike in the South. Let us not be ashamed of it, and not commit the folly of increasing and continuing it by contemptible shifts to hide it. It is an evil, but the way to conquer it, is to look it in the face; to go to work, and to practice economy. If all that an over-worked father makes is consumed in supporting sons in idleness and daughters in all the extravagance of fashionable dressing and display, what earthly prospect will there be of an improvement in circumstances? If the over-worked head of the family lives under all his burdens, he lives to see increasing helplessness all around him in that family which ought to be a source of comfort to him. If he dies, a victim to his heavy burdens, he leaves behind him sons untrained to work—possibly of expensive if not dissipated habits, and daughters without any resources whatever, and miserable because they cannot continue to keep up the poor delusion that they are part and parcel of the fashionable world.

No situation in life can be more galling than that of a poor family striving to hide its poverty by aping the fashions. If the effort made by its members to keep up a false show were but directed to useful ends, the result would be most propitious. As it is, all they can do is to keep their heads above water and be tolerated in the world of fashion. To compass this pitiful end they pass through purgatory. They sacrifice self-respect, solid comfort and all the sacred duties of domestic life in order to get an uncertain and very hushable position in that society which is called fashionable.

This is unworthy of people who have a spark of intellect. It will, if it becomes prevalent among us, be more disastrous even than the war was. It will fasten poverty upon us for successive generations and make us a set of social cheats and humbugs.

If thoughtless boys and giddy misses are allowed their way, they will, of course, keep away from the tasks of life and seek only their pleasures. But they ought not to be allowed to have their way. They should be controlled. The boys should be brought up with the idea that life has its serious duties and responsibilities, and that chief among them is the courage to work; and the girls should be taught that they cease to be the ornaments of domestic life when they sacrifice everything to fashion and empty show.

Real gentility is something higher and nobler than mere fashion; and genteel poverty is far more respectable than the vulgar snobbery that so many weak minded and white-blooded people cultivate all their lives long.—*Richmond Whig.*

JOSEPH BILLINGS' PROPERTY FOR SALE.

I can sell for eighteen hundred and thirty-nine dollars a pallas, a neat and pensive retirement, located on the virgin banks of the Hudson, containing 85 acres. The land is luxuriously divided by the hand of nature and art into pasture and tillage, into plain and declivity, into stony abruptness and the dalliance of musty meadow; streams of sparkling gladness (thick with trout) dance thro' the wilderness of buty taw the low music of the cricket and grass-hopper. The evergreen sighs as the evening zephyr flirts thro' its shadowy boughs. Fruits of the tropics in golden buty melt on the bows, and the bees go heavy and sweet from the fields to the garnering hives. The mansion is of Parian marble; the porch is a single diamond set in rubies and the mother of pearls; the floor is ox-rosewood, and ceilings are more beautiful than the starry vaults of heaven. Hot and cold water squirts and bubbles in every direction, and nothin is wanting that a poet could pr for or art could portra. The stables are worthy of the steeds of Nimrod or the studs of Akilles, and its henery was built expressly for the birds of paradise, while sombre in the distance, like the cave of a hermit, glimpses are caught of the dog-house. Here poets have cum and warbled their laze; here sculptors have sculpt; here painters have rubbed the scene up dreary land scapes; and here the philosopher discovered the study which made him the alchemist of natur. Next to the northward of this thing of buty, sleeps the residence and domain of Duke John Smith; while southward, and nearer the spice-breathing tropics, may be seen the heronial villa of Earl Brown and Duchess Wilder Betsy Jones. Walls of primitive rock, lade in Roman segment, bound the estate, while upward and downward the eye catches far away, the slow grandeur of the Hudson. As the young morn hangs like a curtain of silver from the blue breast of the sky, an angel may be seen each night dancing with golden tiptoes on the green. N. B.—This angel goes with the place.

A farmer named Watt Carr, residing near Hamilton, Ohio, while conversing with some friends on the stoop of his house concerning the manner in which Mr. Vallandigham shot himself, it is stated, attempted to illustrate it with a loaded pistol, and succeeded in the illustration precisely as Mr. Vallandigham did. He fell instantly, and died in a few hours.

A Prussian cavalry officer, who was badly wounded at the battle of Gravelotte, was greatly annoyed by the cries of some wounded soldiers lying near him. He stood the annoyance as long as he could, and then testily called out: "Stop your howling over there! Do you think you are the only persons killed in this fight?"

A letter writer from Niagara, to the Boston Post, speaking of the many brides now haunting that locality, says: "They are never so absorbed that they forget to dress." Good gracious, we should hope not!

For the Anderson Intelligencer.

The Free Common School System.

MR. EDITOR: As has been already remarked in a previous communication upon this subject, we regard the Section in the amended School Act, authorizing the people of each School District to levy a tax for the support of schools, as one move in the right direction towards establishing for South Carolina an efficient system of Free Common Schools. Hence, we would, in our closing article, very respectfully, and with great deference to wiser heads and better informed minds, call the attention of all teachers friendly and advocates of popular education to this subject, suggesting, at the same time, that the Legislature be petitioned at its next session to amend the School Act in the following manner:

Let the school law be so amended as to authorize and bind each County in the State to levy and collect an annual tax sufficient to send to school during each scholastic year one-third of all the children in each County between the ages of six and sixteen years; that the School Trustees of their respective School Districts be made bonded officers, and that they be legally authorized to assess and collect \$3.00 for each child, according to the enumeration which will take place between this time and the meeting of the Legislature; that the County School Commissioner be *ex officio* the County Treasurer of the school fund so raised, and that he be made a bonded officer; that this annual school tax be always proportioned according to the last enumeration of the children, and that it be collected during the months of December and January of each year, and that the poll-tax be collected at the same time and in the same way; that the School Trustees be allowed out of the school fund thus collected a certain per centage sufficient to remunerate them for their time and expenses upon all monies collected; that the school year commence on the first of January, and end the last Friday in December; that the school year consist, as at present, of nine months, and these be taught whenever the Trustees may think it will be most convenient for the patrons of each school under their supervision; and that the claims of all Teachers be reported monthly to the County School Commissioner, who shall, as soon as approved, pay off said claims out of the school fund.

The number of children in the County of Anderson between the ages of six and sixteen years, was three years ago, when the last enumeration was taken, six thousand two hundred and eighty-two. The census, when taken next fall, will, no doubt, approximate seven thousand. To pay the tuition of one-third of this number, were they all to attend first grade schools, would require eighteen thousand dollars when used in conjunction with the *capitation tax* of the County. To raise this sum will require a fraction over three mills upon the dollar of the taxable property of the County.

We would further suggest that the County School Commissioner and the School Trustees of each school district be legally authorized to employ an assistant teacher for any and all schools numbering over fifty pupils; and that each assistant be paid per day, according to his or her grade, for all the scholars over fifty.

Now, sir, in conclusion, we would remark that if the Legislature will give us a system of Free Common Schools according to the above model, there will then be no obstacle in the way to prevent a rapid dissemination of education among the masses. This would call forth talented, intelligent, energetic, persevering and educated men and women as teachers, who would soon make the business of "teaching the young idea how to shoot" an honorable and desirable profession, because, forsooth, it would be lucrative.

And permit us to still further remark, that we need not embrace the delusive phantom—need not entertain the false expectation of securing a full, competent and efficient corps of teachers who will exchange their services for a mere pittance! Let us, therefore, raise a sufficient sum, and always have it ready on hand to pay teachers as fast as they render their services, and our work for it, we will never experience any trouble in securing competent teachers to teach in either white or colored schools.

May the great and kind Disposer of all human events, through the proper and legitimate agencies, hasten the happy and much desired period when literary knowledge shall multiply and be increased in a tenfold ratio; when throughout the State, from the seaboard to the mountains, from the Savannah River to the line of the Old North State, school shall be in hearing of school! When neighbor will not inquire of neighbor, nor white man of colored man, "Are your children at school?" but when every one's children will be trimming the lamp of knowledge, from the millionaire in his superb palace, to the poor colored man in his smoky cabin; and may all the people in the old Palmetto State, of every state and condition, of every race and color, unite in one loud, heart-felt and emphatic Amen!

W. H. Townville, S. C.

A TOUGH STORY.—The Pine Grove correspondent of the Rochester Democrat, says that attended church in the little place one Wednesday evening, saw the contribution box passed, and when most of the congregation had retired, heard Parson Wilks, Deacon Amory and John Wiley quarreling about the possession and amount of money deposited by the good people. Seeing that it would take some time to settle their little disagreements, they adjourned to a neighboring tavern to count the money.

First the parson counted it, contriving to slip a fifty cent note up his coat-sleeve during the process, and reported six dollars and forty-two cents. Then Mr. Wiley, unsatisfied with the teller's report, took the matter in hand, but could find only six dollars and seventeen cents. Then the deacon went for it, but his hands were so sticky that he could find but five dollars and seventeen cents.

From the Southern Farm and Home.

Letter from John Plowhandles on Material Independence.

MR. EDITOR: It is now pretty nearly certain that with the blessing of Divine Providence, our agricultural population will not only "make corn enough to do them," but will be permanently moved their corn-cribs from "the great Northwest" to their own farm yards. I hope that never again will a Southern planter be crazy enough to believe that he can buy his corn at less cost in St. Louis than he can raise it on his own farm; or that one acre of cotton will give him money enough to buy more corn than he could produce on five acres. Even when cotton was worth 25 cents per pound, this calculation was a gross deception. All those gunny sacks of corn which caused the freight blockades at Chattanooga contained lie-receipts, notices of foreclosure of mortgages, sheriff's sales, poverty and ruin. Many an impoverished family can trace their misfortune to having heeded the delusive counsels of "our northern friends" to produce cotton and buy provisions. I rejoice exceedingly that common sense has resumed its sway, and that the lessons of experience, though dearly purchased, have been heeded.

We have now entered upon the right track. Let us continue in it, for if we pursue it steadily and perseveringly it will assuredly lead to independence. We must not think, however, that when we have full corn cribs we have done our whole duty. We must also have full smoke houses, filled with meat of our own raising.—While we continue to buy our meat in Cincinnati under the idea that "we can't raise hogs now-a-days," we are deceiving ourselves quite as injuriously as by raising "big crops of cotton," and hauling our corn all the way from Missouri. It may be troublesome, may demand more care and attention than in old times, but it will pay; and if we will only try it, at the end of the year, when we have a fine smoke house full of jowls, shoulders and hams, not to speak of jowls, sausages, lard and spareribs, feel that we do not owe our factors one cent for all this plenty and comfort, and that we have not had to work our mules half to death hauling the greasy hogheads of half-cured *troughing* spareribs eaten meat from the depot, we shall then realize the advantage we have gained and how amply we are repaid for our trouble and attention. But we must not stop even here. Even when we raise all our own provisions, and do not spend a dime for western corn or bacon, we are not yet as independent as we ought to be, and as we can be if we will only try. Let us look over our farms and households, and see how many things there are which we now purchase from yankee manufacturers which we could make ourselves.—Surrounded on every side by the finest timber which the earth produces, we import our plow-stocks, our wagon and buggy wheels—nay, the wagons and buggies entire—our hoe handles, axe helms, and almost every article into the composition of which wood enters. We purchase a western mule, put on him northern harness, hitch him to a northern wagon, buggy, cart or plow, drive him with northern man lines and a northern whip, shoe him with northern shoes and northern nails, feed him out of a bucket made in New England and tie him in the stable with an imported halter. We can raise our own mules and horses. Can we not? We have plenty of hides. Can we not tan them and make first rate harness? We have, we repeat, the finest timber of every kind in the world. Why can we not make our own wagons, buggies, carts, plow wheels, barrels, etc.? Why are we compelled to buy yankee buckets? We can and do make all the staves, and surely we can put them together, if we would only make the effort. We do not, I propose that every farmer should tan his own leather, make his own wagons, harness, etc., but we can have southern factories where these things could be made, and if we have to spend our money we have the pleasure of knowing that it goes to enrich our own people, advance the prosperity of our own country, and does not go where it is forever lost to us. What sense is there in our importing axe helms, hoe handles, clothes pins, washing tubs, wash boards, bread boards, rolling pins, etc? Yet do so every day. Examine closely any one of these articles now in use upon your farm or in your home, and you will find the maker's name and "N. Y.," "Mass.," "Conn.," or "N. H.," stamped upon it.

To be independent we must make all these things for ourselves. Let us begin. Exporting the raw material for other people to manufacture can never lead to anything but poverty. There is nothing a people needs which we cannot produce with our soil and climate. There is water power now running to waste in Georgia sufficient to run more factories than Massachusetts' greed ever dreamed of. We could be the most perfectly independent and most powerful people on earth. Providence has given us all the means; and yet the tub in which we wash our clothes, the pin by which we fasten them on the line, the line itself, and the clothes which we hang on them, all bear the mark of "Mass.," or "Conn.," reminding us daily of our servitude, our lack of enterprise, our improvidence, and our criminal disregard of the blessings which a bountiful creator has placed within our reach. "We have now time" is the answer to all this, "to throw away upon clothes pins and washing tubs. We must raise cotton and buy our washing tubs."

California at one time produced one article exclusively. She "had not time" to produce any thing else. That article was GOLD. Her people were poor. It took all the gold they could dig by their provisions, their clothes pins and washing tubs, just like us. But they found out their mistake. They saw that one production, though it be gold, did not pay when all the necessities of life had to be imported, that a people to be prosperous and independent, must be self-sustaining. They are now rich, and their diversified industry is the source of their prosperity.

Would that my countrymen would draw the moral and apply it! Yours respectfully, JOHN PLOWHANDLES.

MIXING WITH STRANGERS.—The effect of mixing with new people, who have new ideas and new methods of thought, is very salutary. Always to see the same people, do the same things, feel the same way, produces a stagnant condition of the mind and heart that is very distressing to behold. There are thousands of invalids who might be greatly benefited by getting away from home, if only for a short time, to mix with strangers, and be touched with the magnetism of the great world as it courses in its accustomed rounds. And there are mental and moral invalids who need the same change, to get their minds and hearts enlarged, and let in a little more of the great light of life. Oho at home have been well trained by beautiful influences in early youth, so that they can avoid the snares and pitfalls into which those who go blindly often fall.

Some people say that dark-haired women marry soonest. We differ; it is the light-headed ones.

Discovery in Cotton Culture.

PROTECTING THE PLANT FROM FROST—REMARKABLE RESULTS.

The Demopolis (Ala.) *Exponent* tells the following almost incredible story about the growth of a cotton tree, protected from the frost:

In 1867 a planter of this county, living some 12 miles from this city, conceived the idea that the cotton plant properly cared for could be made to bear for more than one year. He believed that the vitality of the plant was destroyed by frost and frost only. The result of his experience, which we will give in his own words, is of unspeakable importance to the material interests of the cotton growing country, placing us above and beyond the necessities and annoyances of our present system of labor.

His account of success which is far beyond his most sanguine expectations, is largely vouched for, and is as follows: "I lost a large amount of money in 1866, the year succeeding the surrender, in my farming operations and despaired, almost, of the future of the cotton section, in the many sleepless nights I passed thinking over my own affairs and what the future had in store for myself and neighbors, whose dependence for existence rested solely upon agricultural productions, of which the culture of cotton was the chiefest, the main stay, in fact, of the cotton States, the foundation upon which was built all they enjoyed of prosperity in manufacturing, in banking, in merchandizing, in all that went to make up the sum of their varied industries and interests, threatened, as these interests seemed to be, about to suffer extinction by a system of labor that made the cost of production of the cotton crop greater than the value of the article produced. By inspiration, for it could have been nothing else, it occurred to me that could the annual killing of the plant by frost be prevented the plant might become a tree—a fruitful, ever-bearing tree.

Success has exceeded my most sanguine expectations, my wildest dreams. I will tell you exactly how I proceeded and describe the result. In the spring of 1867 I selected a spot of ground, about 40 feet square, planted in the center a cotton seed, tended it carefully; in September I built about it a pen some eight feet square and covered it with glass, kept a thermometer in it, and by the aid of a small stove, kept life and growth in the plant until May of 1868, at which time I removed the pen. During the summer of '68 my plant grew till it became a small tree. In the fall of the year I picked 800 pounds of seed cotton from it and built another pen on the same plan, but larger than the first; followed the same process through the winter and again removed my pen in the spring of '69. That year I picked from what was then a tree, cotton that made a bale of 476 pounds. The tree had now grown so large that I deemed it safe from frost, and in the winter of '69 and '70 I left it unprotected. In the spring of '70 it bloomed at the same time with the peach tree, and in the fall I made from it 1,293 pounds of lint cotton. At this writing the tree is in full bloom and promises at least three bales of cotton and is the wonder of all who see it.

"It is some twenty or twenty-five feet in height, measures at the butt nineteen inches in diameter, shows no signs of decay, and will probably live and bear fruit for years to come. If this statement does not settle the labor question, nothing will. I have endeavored to describe succinctly the result of my experiment; to have entered fully into all the minutia would have occupied a volume, but if this short article shall turn the attention of planters to the following up of this marvelous progress, my purpose will have been answered."

Lightning Rods.

At this season of the year, when thunder storms are of frequent occurrence, and considerable damage is done to buildings, and human life is placed in jeopardy, the question regarding the measures of protection afforded by rods upon buildings is discussed with much interest. It is a pity the matter should be one of doubt or uncertainty, and when rightly understood, it ceases to be such. Properly constructed rods, placed upon buildings in a proper manner, afford absolute protection against any electrical discharges which are liable to occur in thunder storms, and this should be clearly understood by every one. Public confidence has been weakened in regard to the efficacy of rods, by the frequent attacks made upon buildings to which they have been affixed; but this affords no evidence that they are worthless in principle. It rather affords proof that the rods were badly constructed, or that they were adjusted in a careless, unscientific manner. During the past twenty years we have made it a point to investigate, personally, every instance of the kind which occurred within our reach; and in every one palpable defects were discovered in the arrangement of the rods.

The defects most generally found have been in the ground connections of the rods; and we venture to assert from what we have learned by investigation, that a large part of the rods put upon buildings by ignorant, irresponsible "peddlers," afford no measure of protection at all. Quite recently it came to our notice in repairing a building, that the rods penetrated into the dry surface soil only about two feet. The rods were well enough, but the house was unprotected in consequence of the imperfect earth connections. Peddlers carry with them a crow bar, and with this they make little superficial orifices in the ground, and thrust in the ends of the rods, caring nothing for the consequences which may result from their negligence. Usually they claim earth penetrations of eight or ten feet, and take pay for that extent of rod, and it is time this form of fraud was stopped.

Every person who desires to protect his buildings must attend personally to having them adjusted. He must know that the rods penetrate to a point where permanent moisture is present, which cannot be less, in ordinary soils, than eight or ten feet. The terminals should be constructed of copper, and it is always desirable to have them placed in a well, or attached to iron water pipes, if the surface pipes of the buildings are of lead or tin. As regards the form of rod, the old-fashioned, large iron rod is best, and it may be attached to buildings in any way most convenient. The pretty glass insulators, so largely used, are objectionable, but they are quite unnecessary; they do not add to the measure of protection, or increase the value of the conductors. There are a half dozen different forms of what are known as "cable rods" manufactured, which are constructed of a bundle of small copper and iron wires bound or twisted together. These, for the most part, are of good size, and well adapted to the purposes for which they are designed. With good rods carefully and scientifically adjusted, a perfect sense of security may be entertained by the owner or occupants of buildings.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

—Whichever direction a man may take in the other world, neither gold nor greenbacks can do him any service. Upward, they are worthless, and downward they would not be found fireproof.

[From the Atlantic Monthly for July.]

ORATION ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS. Delivered before the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, by General JAMES A. GARFIELD, at the Fourth Annual Reunion, Cleveland, November 25, 1870. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

MEMORIAL OF THE LIFE OF J. JOHNSON PETTIGREW, Brigadier General of the Confederate States Army. By WM. HENRY TRESCOT. Charleston: John Russell.

We group these books, not only because they have a common interest as history, but also because they are strikingly similar in spirit, and from totally opposite feelings and convictions deal with the same great question in kindred generosity. The two memoirs by Mr. Trescot are of admirable temper, that of General Pettigrew especially, showing in the praise of a Southern soldier, a sentiment which certainly does not seem to owe its warmth to hatred of his opponents. We have seen nothing from either side more thoroughly purged of bitterness. Mr. Trescot looks upon the solution of a question in the light of events, at least, has overpowered him, not without emotion, but in the light of analogous history, and with philosophical self-control. His oration is a judicious tribute to the memory of a man whom [apart from his great error] "we should all have found praiseworthy for noble qualities and abilities; and it is, moreover, a very instructive study of that South Carolina civilization which substituted a local for a national patriotism, and finally produced the war. We do not yet thoroughly understand this at the North, and most of us would find it difficult to make due allowance for influences we have never felt, though General Garfield does it, in his oration on Thomas, and declares that "we never shall do full justice to the conduct of Virginians in the late war," without taking into account the fact that they, like the other Southerners, had been taught to look upon their State as their country. "Federal honors," says Mr. Trescot, "were undervalued, and even Federal powers were underrated, except as they were reflected back from the interests and prejudices of the State."

The fathers and mothers who have reared them, the society whose traditions gave both refinement and assurance to their young ambition, the colleges in which the creed of Mr. Calhoun was the text-book of their political studies, the friends with whom they planned their future, the very land they loved, dear to them as though less boys, dearer to them as thoughtful men, were all impregnate, living, speaking, commanding in the State of which they were children."

After these introductory passages upon the political and social character of South Carolina, Mr. Trescot gives a sketch of General Pettigrew's life, philosophizing its suggestive events with a clearness and moderation which cannot be too highly commended. In fact, the perfect restraint of expression, the graceful and finished style, the eloquent yet guarded tone, make the memorial a model of its kind. Mr. Trescot is an ardent lover of South Carolina, but he is always careful to remember that "South Carolina is a very small and not a very important part of the civilized world;" and in appreciating what he believes the virtues of her former social and political state, he has rather the air of analysis than of eulogy. As one reads his orations, so forbearing, so sensible, so discriminating, one cannot help regretting that if there are many such men as Mr. Trescot in South Carolina, we do not hear more of them. On all accounts it seems a pity, thinking of such men, that South Carolina should be the prey of Klu Kluxes and of legislators who cannot sleep.

Mr. Trescot's memoirs are studies of men who were equal to the demands of local patriotism. Generousness and liberality the character of a man—like General Elliott and General Pettigrew, a Southerner—who rose to the conception of national duty, and in the ample destiny and greater fame of Thomas is reflected the superior grandeur of his ideal. We can allow all the praise that Mr. Trescot bestows upon his heroes; we grant that they were brave, earnest, self-devoted men; and then we must turn with heightened admiration to the man whose country was America, and not Virginia. It was to the Southerners alone that the question of allegiance to the State or to the nation was practically put, and we honor such as Thomas, while we remember in all humbleness that the motto of no Northerner was so severely tried, whatever were our sacrifices.

General Garfield rapidly and clearly sketches Thomas' career, and presents in all its massiveness and solidity that simple, grand, faithful life, the sublimity of which we seemed hardly to feel with due consciousness till its close. "No one knew until he was dead how strong was his hold on the hearts of the American people," though, then, indeed, "ever citizen felt that a pillar of state had fallen; that a great and true and pure man had passed from earth."

As literature, these three orations are very creditable to the widely different civilizations that produced them, and mark a vast advance from the merely oratorical spirit in which such things were wont to be done. It is curious and interesting to find Mr. Trescot, of South Carolina, and General Garfield, of Ohio, both quoting Tennyson, and showing that, whatever were the varying social spheres that moulded their character, the wider and more generous influences were the world's. General Garfield's oration betrays something of the carelessness of the man who must speak much and quickly; but it is as gravely, tastefully and honestly done as the more exquisite work of Mr. Trescot.

—If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.

—A man has just been hauled out of the swamps in North Carolina who went there to avoid the draft in 1864, and until he was discovered did not know the war was over.

—An Indiana paper notices the death of an old subscriber, and touchingly adds: "We are sorry to hear of the death of any of our subscribers who are prompt about paying up."

—"Modesty" asks us "what is the best method of popping the question?" It is a good deal like champagne—if it don't pop itself, there is something wrong about it.

—A disappointed candidate for office was talking of men who would sell their votes, when Mrs. Partington observed with a sigh, "Ah, they are as base as Zep of old, who sold his birth-right for a mess of posiah."

—According to the Elmira (N. Y.) *Advertiser*, a drug clerk in Williamsport recently put a prescription for a young lady friend of a dose of castor oil. She innocently asked how it could be taken without tasting. He promised to explain to her, and in the meantime proposed to drink a glass of soda water with her. When he had finished he said: "My friend, you have taken your oil and did not know it." The young lady was nearly crazy, and cried: "Oh, dear, it wasn't for myself I wanted the oil; it was for my mother!"